

The Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle.

Jimmy Trodge and Dummy from Lomeshaye in Nelson Lancashire.

In the late 1800s, nestled in the quaint village of Lomeshaye in Nelson, Lancashire, two unlikely companions embarked on a journey that would not only define their own lives but leave an indelible mark on the history of their community. Jimmy Trodge, a sturdy and resolute farmer known for his unyielding determination, and Dummy, his trusty canine companion, were about to embark on a daring adventure that would take them far beyond the borders of their village.

The air was crisp as the first light of dawn illuminated the picturesque landscape. Jimmy Trodge stood by the railway platform, his worn hands gripping the leashes of a motley crew of cows, sheep, and pigs. His weathered face was etched with lines that told stories of years spent tilling the land and nurturing his livestock. Dummy, with his tail wagging and ears perked up, surveyed the scene with an enthusiasm that only a faithful dog could muster.

As the steam locomotive billowed plumes of smoke and let out a resounding whistle, the animals shifted restlessly. The villagers gathered to bid them farewell, a mixture of curiosity and admiration in their eyes. This was no ordinary journey – Jimmy Trodge was headed to Skipton, a distant town famous for its bustling meat market. It was a venture that spoke volumes of his determination to seek better opportunities for his hard-earned livestock.

The train journey itself was a cacophony of sounds – the rhythmic clatter of the wheels against the tracks, the occasional bellow of cattle, and the raucous chatter of fellow passengers. Jimmy Trodge, his eyes fixed on the horizon, took it all in stride. His resolve was unshakable, and his mind was set on reaching Skipton and securing a good deal for his animals.

Dummy, always by his side, seemed to understand the gravity of the situation. The loyal dog had seen Jimmy through thick and thin, and this journey was no exception. He stood guard, ever watchful, as the train chugged along, and his presence provided Jimmy with a sense of comfort and companionship.

After what felt like an eternity, the train finally pulled into Skipton. The bustling atmosphere of the meat market was a stark contrast to the serene fields of Lomeshaye. Vendors haggled over prices, the aroma of freshly cooked meat wafted through the air, and the energy was palpable. Jimmy Trodge led his animals through the bustling market, his eyes scanning for potential buyers.

The negotiations were intense, and Jimmy's Lancashire accent rang out amid the cacophony of voices. His determination was unwavering, and as the sun began its descent, he struck a deal that left both him and Dummy beaming with pride. The journey had been arduous, but it had been worth it.

News of Jimmy Trodge's successful venture spread like wildfire throughout Lomeshaye. The village celebrated his triumph, and even Dummy seemed to revel in the attention. Trodges Field, named after the steadfast farmer, became a testament to his unyielding spirit.

Years passed, and tales of Jimmy Trodge and Dummy's remarkable journey continued to be passed down through generations. Their legacy became woven into the very fabric of Lomeshaye, a reminder of the power of determination and the bond between a man and his loyal companion.

And so, as the sun set over Trodges Field, casting a golden glow over the village of Lomeshaye, the story of Jimmy Trodge and Dummy lived on, a timeless testament to the spirit of adventure and the enduring bonds of friendship.

By Donald Jay

Jimmy was my great grans brother he lived in St Marys Street Nelson

Jimmy Todge and Dummy, Macleod Street

Nelson

James Rycoft (aka Jimmy Todge)

Rycoft was born 1866, died 1914. He was a farm worker.

Taken outside the shop of H. Nutter.

Dummy was a deaf mute who was often seen on the Nelson streets.

Congregational church is on the right of the image.